PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

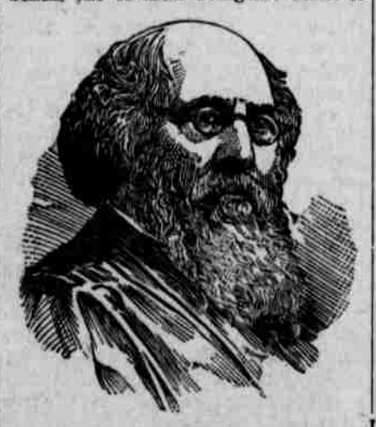
Karl Decker, the newspaper man who rescued Miss Cisneros from a Cuban prison and who is therefore the most talked about journalist in the country just now, had been a Washington correspondent for some time before he went to Havana on his dangerous assignment. Mr. Decker is a Virginian. He is a tall, athletic young man with blonde hair and mustache. He looks

KARL DECKER.

every inch a hero, being 6 feet in height and as well "set up" as a West Point cadet. Mr. Decker is married, and his young wife was among those who anxiously waited for him in New York after it had become known that he had been successful in freeing the young Cuban girl, but before it was known whether or not the daring correspondent had eluded the vigilance of the Spanish officials.

Nestor of the Supreme Bench.

By the retirement of Justice Stephen J. Field, the nestor of the supreme bench, which is soon to occur, the United States supreme court will lose one of its most picturesque figures. Justice Field has been eligible for retirement for 11 years, but it was not until two or three years ago that he felt any desire to retire from active life. Several reasons prompted him to remain on the bench, one of them being the desire to



JUSTICE FIELD.

serve longer than any other justice in the history of the court. On Aug. 16 last he broke the long term record, having exceeded the term of 34 days, 5 months and 6 days to the credit of Chief Justice Marshall. Justice Field's career has been a remarkable one. He was born at Haddam, Conn., 81 years ago, but first became prominent in California, where he went in the boom days of 1849. He was instrumental in shaping the laws of the new state and had become the leading lawyer on the Pacific slope when President Lincoln in 1863 appointed him to the supreme bench.

A BALLADE OF PARTED LIVES.

Princess, a song above the tides,
Above the wintry winds that blow,
Above the wave that quickly glides
And dashes madly to and fro,
Sing me of other days to know,
Of souls that in a garden reap
Their wage of duty done below.
Loose thou these memories in sleep!

Tell me what dark, eternal ides
Across that space their shadows throw,
Clouding the happy light that rides
Unto these lands of pain and woe.
Brother and sister gone, forego
Fairy hilltops and valleys deep.
Come, or, if this be never so,
Loose ye these memories in sleep!

Ah, well, a splendid city hides
The little boy of long ago!
Beneath a village church wall bides
A slender mound above the snow,
And thus the fleet years come and go.
Poor hands of mine that cannot keep
Backward the water's ebb and flow.
Loose ye these memories in sleep.

ENVOI.

Princess, for all the world besides
Guard yet the vines that softly creep
Over dead childhood's loves and brides.
Loose thou these memories in sleep!
—John James Meehan in New York Sun.

THE REASON WHY.

"I always wonder why it is you have never married, Dick?"

It was Emily who had said these words some half an hour ago, and Dick had found no answer for them, and he sits by the fire and ponders over them mightily, trying to find if there be an answer. Dick is five and forty, tall, robust, with a rather handsome face and florid complexion, and with bright golden brown hair, but just where it makes little crinkles above his ears it has tiny silver threads running through it—an even race now between the gold and silver, but in these days of bimetallism who shall answer for the future?

He is a very personable man, a true, honest, good fellow, rather slow at grasping an idea, but when he has grasped it it is sure to become a serviceable, clean idea. Dick's grasp, firm and strong, would always purge it of any vice or vulgarity it might have possessed before. He now sits quite alone in the comfortable library of his sister's house. He smokes a pipe and thinks over that sister's question, "I always wonder why it is you have never married, Dick?"

Then a curious thing happens. As the smoke of his pipe rises up in thick black clouds he looks quite through it back to the year 1867 and sees himself again as a boy of 20, just before he first sailed for India—such a jovial, noisy sort of boy, with a ready smile and pleasant word for every one, just now much excited at the prospect of the new life which is to begin with the voyage tomorrow.

He is just entering a ballroom with a friend of about his own age. ("Jack Dufford, who died in China," murmurs Dick of today.) It is a very large ballroom, brilliantly lighted and decorated with flowers and evergreens. It must be a regimental ball, for there are colors stacked at one end. Dick of today tries to make them out, but quite fails, and so turns his attention to what Jack Dufford is saying to Dick of 1867.

"I want you to dance with my little sister Kitty. It is her first dance, and she's the dearest little thing going." And he puts his arm through Dick of 1867's and takes him across the room to where there stands a girl in white muslin, such a dainty, fresh white muslin, with little blue bowknots dotted over it, and this is all that Dick of 1867 sees as he makes his bow, but when he raises his head again he meets such a sweet, dancing pair of brown eyes looking at him from such a pretty, bright face, with a whole mass of light fluffy hair above and around it, and later when he puts his arm around her and they dance and he looks down into the hair he sees a wee wreath of blue forgetmenots half lost and very tightly imprisoned in its glittering meshes. It is almost Dick of 1867's first ball, too, and he thoroughly enjoys it, but none of the figures are plain to Dick of today save only the white muslin and blue bowknot one. Talking and dancing with it seem to fill up the whole evening, and then, when the end comes, Dick of 1867 rolls it up, oh, so tenderly, in a warm, white shawl, and Dick of today feels his heart beat quicker as a little hand is put into that old Dick's hand and a low girlish voice says:

"Well, good night and goodby, Mr. Kenneth. I hope you will like India." Then Dick of 1867 goes home, and he feels nervously excited and cannot sleep and thinks it must be from the uncertainty of liking India.

The tobacco smoke clears off and our Dick wonders why such an old, quite buried memory should revive tonight, but he has not much time for wondering, for as fresh smoke rises up he sees fresh figures forming themselves behind it. Still himself, but older, browner and more manly Dick, this time of 1872. A ball again, evidently in a private house. There is a wide flight of stairs, off it at one side a conservatory filled with flowers and at its top a wide landing, with the ballroom opening bright, noisy and joyous behind it.

In the doorway stands the hostess, welcoming her guests. Dick of today tries to distinguish her features, but they elude him just as the colors had a few minutes before. He passes on into the room. Again all the figures are blurred, until he comes quite to the under end, immediately beneath the big hanging lamp, where there stands a very distinct one in white silk and a quantity of soft white tulle, who has her back turned and displays a very fair head with a bunch of pink moss roses at one side. Dick of 1872 speaks, and the figure turns and looks at him with a little uncertainty at first, and then a gradual, pleased look of recognition comes to her face—that same sweet face, with its warm, brown eyes.

Dick of 1872 thinks five years have passed very lightly, leaving behind them only a touch of dignity and womanliness in place of the almost childishness. She is, in fact, improved by them, and so thinks Dick of today.

Dick of 1872 dances three times with "my little sister Kitty," and the third time she is carried away from him by a very tall, dark, handsome man, with a small pointed black beard. He watches them, and a voice at his elbow says: "What a jolly couple they make! He is old Lord Easton's nephew, and they are to be married next week, you know." Dick of 1872 goes home, and in the morning comes to the conclusion that he had taken too much champagne, for he had dreamed all night that his room was of gold hung over with pink moss roses, and, turn as he would, he could find no door to escape from the heavy scent of them, which maddened him, and the touch of them, which thrilled him with joy and sorrow, pleasure and passionate pain mixed.

The smoke clears off again, but Dick of today has ceased to wonder, and only waits, expecting more, uncomprehending, however. Very soon more comes; still Dick, still a ballroom; Dick of 1880, and quite a different ballroom with quite a different atmosphere, and different tone about it; many men, fewer women than heretofore, but all the latter are most beautifully dressed, and most of the former are in uniform.

"Government House, Calcutta," thinks Dick of today, and he instinctively looks about him for the well known figure which he now expects to come, but it is not there. Dick of 1880 is talking to Cranter. ("Poor old Cranter! Went under just ten years ago," comments Dick of today.) Cranter says: "I am going to introduce you to the most lovely little woman, clever, charming, everything desirable. Her husband never looks at her, passes all his time in England with Sibyl Ruby, and all his time here with Mrs. Major Golightly." Dick of 1880 and Cranter make their way through the crowd into another room where there is no dancing, and seated in a low chair, in a listless attitude, is a lady in white. Dick of 1880 goes straight up to her and says, "I hope I don't need an introduction to "Mrs." — and then pauses — "Mortoun," she finishes for him.

He sits beside her. She is much more splendidly dressed than ever before, all in white satin, finely embroidered with silver, and there are diamonds scintillating in the burnished gold of her hair. But, oh, the change, think both the Dicks. The face is thinner and less bright, the mouth is sweet and red, but has a pitiful droop at the corners, and the clear brown eyes are sad with unshed tears, but they look very kindly on Dick of 1880. And Dick of 1880 talks a long time to her; his heart is filled with a deep, passionate pity.

Finally they are interrupted by the tall, dark, handsome man with the pointed black beard, who is not perfectly sober. As he comes up the lady says: "This is Captain Kenneth, Devereux. I met him at my first ball."

Dick of 1880 only bows and moves away, and Dick of today looks at the fading mist of tobacco smoke, and even when it has cleared, for the good reason that his pipe is out, there is a little mist, as of an autumn evening, between him and the fire. He is not uncomprehending any longer and knows now the answer to his sister's question. He rises and takes up his candle, saying: "And I never knew it till tonight. Verily I am a slow man."—Daughter.

Followed Their Advice.

"I broke out with great blotches on my face, and friends told me my blood was out of order and that I ought to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed their advice and from that time to this I have not had any eruptions on my face. I know that Hood's is a good medicine." Mrs. A. E. Radkey, St. Louis, Michigan.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

Care of the Yosemite.

The annual report of Capt. Rodgers, of the Fourth cavalry, who is acting as superintendent of the Yosemite national park, states that the regular patrols have found that there is less trespassing in the park than in past years, and says the depredations committed by sheep and their herders are the worst they have to contend with. The game seems to be increasing in number, and the deer and other animals show less fear of human beings than in past years. The rigid enforcement of the rule against carrying firearms in the park has produced good results.

INCA WITCHCRAFT.

Bal Chico was the son of a Mexican matadore, and his early associations were not of a kind to develop a stable and law abiding character. Bal drank because he saw everybody else drink, and red wine brought into action in Bal that courage which the matadore displayed in the arena with sagacity and prudence. Red wine does not mature wisdom, theoretical or applied, and without these, which are indeed sagacity and prudence, courage becomes but pugnacity that amuses or offends. Bal soon became offensive, and in a brawl in an indecent quarter of his native town he had the misfortune to knife a young grandee of tastes and weaknesses similar to his own, but of influential connections. The wounded youth recovered, but political influence was sufficient to cause his assailant's removal to a penal settlement for 20 years.

Bal obtained no more red wine, but the more he weighed the offense of the knife attack, its provocation, and its punishment, the clearer it seemed that he was suffering out of all proportion to his transgression. The sense of foul wrong, done because it could be done, burned in upon him as if a brand iron were held against him, ever glowing and never lifted. For months after he discerned the immense range of this injustice, he lived in a rage impedimental to speech—he became inarticulate.

Slowly his good sense came to the rescue, and he became calm that he might live, grow strong of body and powerful through accumulation and meet Don Pico as master. There were men of different nationalities in the settlement, and Bal found that he absorbed words as a sponge absorbs water, and he learned Portuguese, more than one patois of his own land, and the dialect of a Peruvian Indian sent from his own province a year before, whom he had saved from imminent atrocity at the hands of a vicious fellow convict.

This Indian had a virtue little known to civilization—he was capable of gratitude—and the two formed a mutual attachment that the friendships of civilization may scarcely parallel and which was equaled but by their common hatred of all rulers, their own in particular. This Indian Bal knew to be a snake charmer of extraordinary accomplishments. His gift was not transferable to the younger man, nor did the latter soon discover its singularity, but in time he found that Juan's power over certain reptiles might be expressed as hypnotic. He seemed to impress his own masterfulness upon the serpents and to exert his power upon them at a distance or to send them to perform some definite mission at a distance and return within a given time, after the habit of human subjects.

Once Bal saw Juan with his pets at recreation. No word was spoken, but Juan looked meaningly at Bal and then at the top of the wall. Bal looked and saw a lizard there with its head a-tilt and the sun shining pink through his palpitant throat. Then something slipped away from Juan, who watched the top of the wall, as did Bal. By and by a bit of the wall moved—it seemed a bit of the wall—it moved and coiled and leaped, and the little foray was over. Then the devourer slipped back, and Juan snapped his fingers and whispered to it.

"Was the lizard hypnotized, too?" Bal Chico asked himself.

This branch of his accomplishment Juan never showed the prison officials when they sent for him to exhibit for their amusement.

The weary years rolled by. "We will live; we must live. We will get even—you and me," Juan whispered to himself over and over, and he whispered it to Bal when he could, with the same imperious suggestiveness that he whispered something to his snakes.

At last Juan's 20 weary years were done, but the "man witch" had got much power. Some he amused when tired of the commonplace, but the many feared him, and when he chose to wander around the settlement clad in breeches, a poncho, and a viper after he was free to go far away none objected, and few wondered at the whims of so fantastic a being.

When Bal, a young man white haired now, went out, old Juan awaited him at the prison gates, carrying a close woven wicker crate, or basket, but neither extra clothing nor the usual snakes were visible, and from that day neither appeared in all that country.

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Among the stupendous mountains of Peru gold may be had for the seeking, but death is for the white man who seeks it. When old Juan went back to his mountains and some old acquaintances, with another swarthy man who spoke only as he did and was his friend, their right of occupancy of hut and lands was unquestioned, as were their bartering expeditions to the nearest seaport. But Juan and Bal Chico did not always exchange their nuggets for commodities; oftener, with a wisdom learned abroad, did they demand coin. Juan had come home with his old name of Casma, and Bal Chico had assumed a new name for his new habitation, and the singular fact became known at the town bank that Casma and Chira were thrifty Indian depositors and checked against their account. Casma explained that abroad he had been called Juan